

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1920

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Reedy's

MIRROR

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William Marion Reedy

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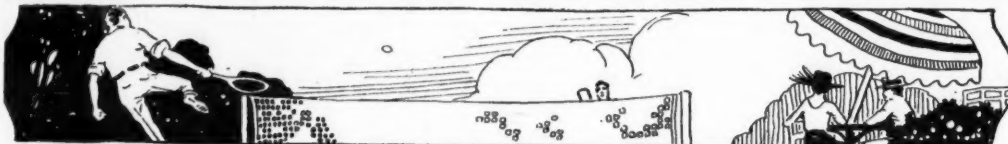
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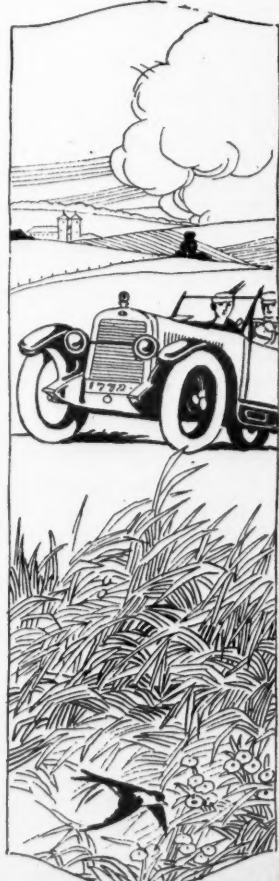
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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Feeding From Wilson's Hand

By William Marion Reedy

THERE is more pep in one hotel lobby in San Francisco at the Democratic convention than there was in all the Chicago hotels during the Republican convention. This doesn't look like a crowd of losers. This gathering compared to Chicago's is as a picnic to a funeral. One might suspect that there is a certain alcoholic permeation which keeps up the stream but then again it may be only the effect of the glorious climate and the infection from the genial hospitality of the San Franciscans. Anyhow it's a real convention centering around a three, or maybe a four, ring scrap. The gathering is running free, not to say wild. There is not a sign that things are being bossed in a large way; at least there wasn't until Albert Sidney Burleson arrived on Saturday and with him Bainbridge Colby to reinforce the Hon. Carter Glass. Colonel Bryan got in the day before.

♦♦

Bryan's Power

THE Nebraskan intends to take charge. He had not alighted when he declared himself. The party is not to be made the door mat of the saloon. Sober America is to be superior to drunken Europe, and then prohibition will move on to the conquest of the civilized world. Posters announce that "Pussyfoot" Johnson will be here next week to tell how he gave an eye to make Great Britain dry. Colonel Bryan wants a dry plank. He has a threat for profiteers and a plan for settlement of labor disputes; indeed he has a whole platform. Only on the liquor question is he definite. He says he will poll every delegate in every state on his plank and put each man or woman on record. It's a fight to a finish, he says, and his special mark is Cox of Ohio. It is as if he paraphrased Denis Kearney into the apothegm "Cox and booze must go." Bryan's arrival started things. He seems to have thrown the fear of God into the wets. First Cox's manager announced that his candidate does not think the wet or dry issue should come up in the convention. This from the man the wets were backing was a backdown. Then Charlie Murphy of Tammany Hall said the same thing as Cox. Indeed all the wets began to sing small after Bryan spoke. So within twenty-four hours San Francisco began to look like another Baltimore for Bryan. It is plain as day that the convention will have to deal with Bryan in everything. The best his enemies can say is that Bryan can block the nomination of anyone he does not like, but he can't nominate anyone because he can't swing two-thirds of the delegates. He has an incomparably high nuisance value.

♦♦

Unseating a Delegate

MISSOURI is in the limelight here as it was at Chicago, and more creditably. The big question is whether Senator Reed will get a chance to speak in the convention. He won't if the national committee can prevent. It has ruled against him as a delegate from the fifth district. The state's convention rejected him,

referred the matter back to the district for another choice. The district said it had no other choice. The convention adjourned and certified the delegation, except Reed, to the national credential committee. Then the district re-elected Reed a few days ago, too late. In the Democratic rite the state, not the district, is the unit. Against that rule talk of denying district home rule is of no avail. The national committee ruled that Reed was not elected a delegate and that he cannot sit in the convention on a proxy for his alternate. The committee vote was thirty-four to twelve but the twelve for Reed were men from the states having the heavy electoral votes. They are chiefly wet states too: California, Illinois, Indiana, New York, Kentucky, and so forth. Neither Pennsylvania nor Ohio was for seating Reed but those states have candidates for the nomination and so they could not vote for Missouri's stormy petrel and opponent of Wilson. The national committee seated the Wilson-Palmer delegation from Georgia, dumping Hardwick and Hoke Smith. The party will not stand for anti-Wilsonians. Senator Shields was turned down in Tennessee, Vardaman in Mississippi, Hoke Smith in Georgia, Reed in Missouri and Gore in Oklahoma. The administration machine is working all right. It looks as if Reed is settled for good. The conventions credentials committee will accept the national committee's certification of delegates. There may be a minority report but it will be beaten about thirty-four to twelve and Reed himself cannot get before the convention to plead his cause. In him then are defeated signally both the anti-leaguers and the wets, for Reed was supported by both elements exclusively. The decision in his case steamrolled the insurgent Liberals; it disheartened them appreciably. Reed was rejected not because he opposed the League of Nations but because he is supposed to have opposed the President in everything. He incarnated anti-Wilsonism, and now look at him!

♦♦

McAdoo or —?

CONCERNING the nomination, the fight is now between McAdoo and Cox. Palmer is out of it. If Bryan is for the President's son-in-law the nominee will be McAdoo. If not the nominee will not be Cox. Bryan's candidate is supposed to be Meredith of Iowa—a successful farmer of the farmers with a farm paper that carries the advertising of the manufacturers who milk the farmers. Meredith is not generally known, which may be in his favor temporarily, but he may be too well known when it is revealed how he pledged himself to the big trust advertisers to keep the farmer pacified under fixed-price wheat but no fixed price on farm machinery in 1917. Meredith does not look like a comer. Colonel Bryan doesn't like Palmer, because Palmer is too much Wilson. Ditto as to John W. Davis, who is also too much New York Times and therefore Wall street. It was thought up to Sunday that McAdoo would not run even if drafted, and this was thought to portend a third term movement for Wilson, but on Sun-

day, after Burleson came, the McAdoo movement grew stronger. You could feel it in the crowds everywhere. Then came Cox's and Tammany Boss Murphy's play for dry strength, in propitiation of Bryan to stop McAdoo. That move implies possibly Bryan's opposition to McAdoo, but no one is sure of that. Most people here believe that Mr. Bryan's favorite candidate is himself and he is his favorite platform too. His action gives strong color to this suspicion. I should say he has Cox beaten now. He has the wets practically begging for silence on the prohibition question, and he spurns them. It is not impossible his dry plank will win for he has the opposition almost in a panic.

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The Treaty and Labor

WILSON will probably get through his kind of a treaty plank, that is, a declaration for his treaty, nullifying reservations. Bryan says the treaty ought not to be in politics at all. The President should, supported by a Senate majority, accept reservations. But he doesn't say how peace is to be made by the President if two-thirds of the Senate won't have it so. Mr. Bryan wants to change the Constitution so that only a majority of the Senate shall be necessary to sectional consent to ratification. That looks simple and easy but changing the Constitution is not a one night job. Mr. Bryan sheds no light on the treaty issue nor on the labor issue. He is not for compulsory arbitration, only for investigation of each individual case, which gets nowhere that I can see. He wants each individual trouble settled like he proposed to bring about universal peace, through individual treaties for postponement of war and resort to arbitration with and between separate nations. Our Uncle Sam Gompers will present to the committee on platform the same labor plank which the Republicans turned down. That Chicago turn-down will help Gompers here, and Uncle Samuel comes here too, by the way, bearing an implied pledge of the support from the American Federation's four million members for both Cox's candidacy and Colonel Bryan's shadowy labor plank.

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Immortal Woodrow

THE keynote speech of Homer Cummings opened the convention auspiciously. It was a strong presentation of an imposing record of Democratic performance and grew in cogency as it led up to the war and to the attempt at peace. Frustrated by Republican opposition there was ironic force in the picture of the United States standing out from the League in company with Russia and Turkey. There was a splendid climax as Mr. Cummings declared Woodrow Wilson an immortal. There was no need to look further. This is a Wilson convention with a few spots of sulky hereticalness, of which New York is the most important.

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Summing Up

As time passes the evidence increases that McAdoo will be the nominee. As I write it is reported that New York is for him, even if it be only to give him that Tammany indorsement which he once said was equivalent to a defeat. It is said and denied that Bryan is against McAdoo, who is not a pronounced wet. Friends of McAdoo believe the opposition of both New York and Bryan will help rather than hurt him. All the administration men are for McAdoo and they are boring in strong. Cox has grown weaker since he declared for silence on the Volstead Act. Palmer excites no enthusiasm. It seems to be

the plan now to start off voting sporadically for McAdoo on the first roll call and then, after the favorite sons have been complimented and disposed of, to put him over with a rush on about the sixth ballot.

The chance is slim that Senator Reed will be seated from Missouri by the Credentials Committee or that there will be a minority report in his favor. The convention will hardly be as lenient to him as was the National Committee. Should he win his seat and then say nothing his last condition will be worse than his first. It is not probable that the platform will call for recognition of De Valera's Irish Republic but will promise help for Ireland through the League of Nations.

Of course if Bryan sticks to his purpose to poll the delegates on the Volstead Act all calculations may be upset. All the delegates except Bryan's followers are now for silence. If he can break the silence in his way, his will be the platform and the convention may decide that nobody but he can run on it. Bryan is a candidate for the nomination. All his tactics here show it. But the Wilson line is too strong for him. It will hold probably even against the proposed wet or dry roll call of delegates.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.

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Reflections

By Charles J. Finger

As to July 10th

A BRIEF outline only is possible as to the general sentiment outside the cities regarding the political situation. Summing up the results of personal investigation, and weighing that against expressions of opinion that come to this office from all sections of the country, it becomes clear that there are more people interested in the formation of a third party than the old line politicians care to believe. There is also a growing disposition to favor a system whereby presidents should be nominated by popular vote. Thirdly, there is expressed a very decided resentment in that there should have been any attempt to muzzle Senator Reed in the convention.

The popular mind seems to work somewhat in this way. Whatever the rights or wrongs in the case, it seemed to be a task that was urgent, indispensable, inevitable even, that we should have shared in the *malaise* of Europe. But there was also a belief, fostered by the apologists for war, that from the world woe there would be a national resurrection. There was an expectation that the age would be transformed. There was a hope that out of the welter men would arise to guide us. With proper leaders, zeal, genius, labor would be willingly, cheerfully flung into the cause of national progress. Beyond all, it was hoped, expected even, that the day of the political buccaneer was gone forever.

Today there is a sense of having been left in the lurch. The contrast between the idea that men would learn by pain and suffering and the fact that mediocrity is to the fore is too glaring. In the face of the conventions in Chicago and San Francisco, the promised hopes seem but idle babble. There are personal rivalries and jealousies, but no coherent and convincing constructive program. Meanwhile a nation torn with dissension, burdened with a monstrous debt, facing a shortage in production and consequent high prices, looks in vain for the expected statesman. The banner waving, the shouting, the emblem flashing at Chicago and San Francisco utterly fail to awake any enthusiasm in the average man. Men are not content, are not hopeful. Despair or something very akin to it meets one at every turn. Distrust is abroad—deep seated distrust of mediocrities and self seeking politicians. So, seeking something, men turn their eyes to Chicago and what may happen on July 10th, when

the Committee of Forty-eight meet, for hope is hard to kill.

Let it be admitted that with a great number the Democratic party is just now unpopular. It is the unpopularity that always follows the party in power during the prosecution of a war. Some of it is undeserved, and some of it has been merited by the never ending audacity of elected persons—Burleson and Palmer and others. On the other hand, there is a widespread condemnation of the Republican platform as adopted in Chicago as "defiant in its defense of the enemies of labor," to use the words of the American Federation of Labor in annual convention at Montreal. That leaves many votes that will not be attracted to the socialist party. As a correspondent in Washington, D. C., writes, the situation offers an opportunity to articulate the groups of dissatisfied ones into a whole. In common with many others, the writer quoted sees La Follette as a hope. He picks Pierce of Iowa as a fit running mate, after rejecting Frank Walsh, former joint chairman of the Labor Board and champion of Irish freedom, on the supposition that he would refuse to run against Debs. Glenn Plumb however might be thought of.

The point of view thus expressed fits in with what I have heard here and there. In Ohio I have heard old time Republicans express their disgust for Harding as a candidate. There have been circulated by the tens of thousands among railroad men circulars and post cards calling upon them to defeat the Marion man. While the Railroad Brotherhood vote can not be considered as a unit any more than the farmer's vote or the carpenter's vote, it is safe to say that the majority of the railroad men will not vote for any candidate now in the field on either side. Neither can McAdoo count upon the rank and file of transportation. A good man on an independent ticket would gather a large share of the A. F. of L. vote, a preponderance of the railroad vote, the Irish republican, the organized farmer vote, perhaps the local option vote, not to mention those who have voted hitherto the party ticket and are now disillusioned. There's hope for the Forty-eighters if they bear in mind the fact that men are no longer to be befogged by idle words.

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Ireland

THE recent Irish Local Government elections have destroyed the hope that proportional representation would secure representation for Unionists in the south. The great majority of Irish county and district councils are exclusively Sinn Fein. It is also clear that between England and Ireland, the gulf of hatred grows daily wider and deeper. The occasional acts of violence of which we read, such as the Londonderry affair, are mere local manifestations. The real disease is quite another thing. There is a nation-wide passive, but stubborn, resistance to every offensive act. The police and military are regarded as invaders just as were the Germans in Belgium. The English railwaymen are strong in their determination to support their fellow workmen in Ireland in a refusal to carry troops, and the boycott of munition traffic. There is a general readiness to go to prison. There are bloody plots afoot; there are terrible revenges and demoralizing intrigues. There is a national vendetta. Through it all, the Catholic Church seems unwilling to express herself.

Sooner or later the British government must either grant complete self-government to Ireland and recognize the new republic, or declare open war. The latter will not be possible as long as Ireland, following the wise advice of her sane leaders, refrains from giving full vent to the passions which the oppressors are aiming to foment.

Meanwhile there is some talk of adopting a middle course. It would be, to use the terminology of international politics, in the nature of a maritime and economic policy and would mean, in plain words, starving the people of Ireland into submission. This is the way it would work. A cordon would be drawn

across Ireland, separating Ulster from the rest of the country. The chief coast towns would then be held by Britain and the interior left to the Sinn Feiners. Trade between England and Ireland would be suspended. Without coal, Irish rail transportation would die. It would be a national boycott. Monstrous as such a course appears, it is being seriously considered, and, in an age in which human life is but a mere bagatelle and mediocrities rule, it is doubtful whether the world would protest, for the voice of the majority that might save bloodshed seems to be silent.

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Unrest

WHY complain of the social unrest when there is so much to be restless about? Take the railroad situation. Managers and operating officials know quite well, though they hide the fact, that everywhere among the employes there is discord, anger, unrest, both within and without the unions. Every branch of the service is affected. In the Maintenance of Way, sections are working short handed. Men have deserted because the demand for a fair wage has been dodged. When men do stay on the job there is a spirit of sullenness. I watched a gang loading and handling ties. There were six and sometimes eight men handling a tie. The section foreman dared not complain. When it is remembered that an ordinary cross tie weighs perhaps three hundred pounds you will gain some idea of the slacking up. It is the same in the shops, in the roundhouses, in the yards. In the transportation department, too, as well as among the station agents and telegraphers, there is a spirit of resentment, and men seem to be waiting for trouble to break. Sympathy is strong everywhere for what the press has styled the "outlaw strikers." Get that straight. The discord is increasing daily. Few are content. Fewer are hopeful. We cannot, must not, shut our eyes to facts. The situation is very grievous, very full of peril, very disheartening, and, to mend matters, there must be fair dealing and frankness. Wage scales must be readjusted. The striking switchmen must be reinstated with full rights. And that is only a start in the right direction.

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Nothing New

AFTER all, things have been bad before, but we have short memories. Look back a little. It is not necessary to dig into history. Reach back fourteen years or so. How was it then? Political parties seemed to be splitting up and we were talking of the independent vote that would change matters. There was a vigorous fight on against Comstockianism: Postmaster-General Cortelyou was being excoriated for trying cases in the postoffice department at Washington instead of in the law courts; the New York Sun was advocating public instruction relative to the danger of what it called "certain diseases"; the New York authorities were denying the right of meeting to those whom it described as criminal anarchists; Henry Holt was advocating deportation, the outlawry and legal boycotting of all "Reds"; Bryan was dominating the Democratic party and talking government operation of railroads while we were condemning the inefficiency of rail transportation management; in England there was a great hushing up of certain outrages purported as having been perpetrated by the British army and the British courts in Egypt; the President was talking about swollen fortunes, profiteers and the high cost of living; there was a disturbing Japanese and an equally disturbing Mexican problem; newspapers were full of genial commonplaces about the progress of the age; Capital and Labor were hopelessly deadlocked, bound together as men are bound in a Norwegian duel, yet dealing each other savage blows; there was a great deal of insolently foolish talk on the part of commercial editors of the urgent necessity of bringing Labor to its knees.

Enough has been said to prove that while it is true that we move bustlingly, it is as a squirrel moves in a revolving cage. We get nowhere. We

multiply the numerator and the denominator by the same number. In spite of national luxury and scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, the world around us is deeply diseased and visibly disorganized. There is energy, ability and willingness in abundance, but there is also industrial selfishness, covetousness and appetite. Properly directed, the energy that makes the economic cage revolve so briskly, might be directed into a forward movement toward a definite goal. But mediocrity reigns in high places, here as well as abroad, and many of us have yet to learn that there is no salvation neither in princes nor in the sons of men. Fortunately for humanity, hope and enthusiasm have always been both more common and more active habits of mind than despondency and despair, and if, for a time, the human army is led up and down in futile marches and countermarches, little by little a sense of responsibility must grow and individual shoulders will presently be squared to the burden. Therefore let the burden be piled on to the human camel so that the time may arrive when, the lading being completed, it shall go forth into the desert and there be transformed into the lion.

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Russia and England

IN the case of Mr. Martens, our national wise men made us a laughing stock in the eyes of the world. Our press did nothing but create a doubting, disputatious, rebellious temper. Subtler men elsewhere acted differently. Consider Lloyd George and Mr. Krassin. Mr. Krassin is the accredited envoy of the Russian government. He went to England to establish a better understanding. There was no idle talk of the divine fellowship of man, the flooding of the world's soul with peace, universal welfare and that kind of thing. The whole affair is being handled in the interest of business. No cry went up to high heaven for his arrest and expulsion. No Department of Justice dogged him. His offices were not raided. Instead, he was accorded the treatment that one gentleman accords to another. Nationally, there was a determination to have peace for trade and trade for peace. Other and minor considerations were set aside. The economic difficulties in establishing relations between a socialistic and a capitalistic state that naturally presented themselves were faced, and, it seems, there were concessions and arrangements, and mutual agreements not to touch upon this, that and the other, just as two men meeting on a journey, avoid subjects inimical to their own content. The result is that trade relations are well on their way to reestablishment and England has placed the bogey of "bolshevism" with those of "witchcraft" and "sorcery." The Russian envoy shook hands with British respectability and it was passably recognized that a soviet form of government with reservations might function and be suited for a certain people, may indeed be a phase of social evolution.

Mr. Krassin guaranteed as a preliminary that war prisoners in Russia must be repatriated promptly, and that Bolshevistic interference in the internal affairs of other countries must be renounced. As to the first, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen who has been conducting a mission at the request of the Council of the League of Nations, was meanwhile assuring Europe that the Soviet government was, and has been, acting in perfect good faith, and that the war prisoners had been treated in good fashion. As to the second guarantee like Mr. Martens Mr. Krassin assured British respectability that most of the so-called missionary work in favor of Bolshevism was not inspired by the Russian government, but was a result of individual preference and enthusiasm, just as in England there are those who favor a republican form of government and preach it without subsidy from Washington. So all went lovely and

the goose hung high. Doubtless there were smiles, much patting of white waistcoats and some diplomatic head noddings. Doubtless also, the ghost of Mr. Dooley arose and said, "Hinceforth th' policy iv this gover'ment will be, as before, not to bully a sthrong power or wrong a weak, but will remain thrue to th' principle iv' wrongin' th' sthrong an' bullyin' th' weak!"

The one point that made a favorable impression on the Cabinet as well as in business circles, was the specialized technical skill of the experts who were with Mr. Krassin. He himself, it transpired, is an unusually competent engineer, as is also, it may be remembered, Mr. Martens. Mr. Bellegarde who was his chief adviser, is the well known financial expert. There were others in the party, men of the highest Russian type and reputation, covering the whole range of modern trade. There is some reason to believe that Prince Kropotkin's influence was to the fore in the choosing of the representatives.

Of course there is not perfect unanimity, though labor and the coalition is strongly behind Lloyd George in this case. There are still some who have not placed the bolshevistic horror in the realms of mythology and who fear that argument cannot be met with argument, and who shake with terror when propaganda is mentioned. Then there are anti-British bodies in Paris who talk of "tainted gold" and sulk when they see the Russo-English flirtation. But it is apparent that the gold is tainted because France wants it for herself to pay Russian bonded indebtedness. In that there seems to be matter for thought until the situation is examined in the light in which you would look at it were it an every day commercial affair. Stripped of prejudice the problem is simple.

Suppose Russia to be a railroad that has defaulted on its bond payment, and yourself to have been appointed receiver. What then? Russia has visible and quick assets of about \$250,000,000. Her liabilities are perhaps \$5,000,000,000. It is true that the machine is in poor order. The physical integrity of the property has not been maintained. A rehabilitation scheme is afoot that seems to be functioning. The earning power is at its lowest level. Claims are being advanced on all hands. But for all that there is a future. Certain earning powers can be developed. All that is required is that the pressure of debt be relieved for a time so that momentum may be gained. Therefore the situation should be handled much as Judson Harmon handled the G. H. & D. Creditors must wait. Those that would scrap the machine must be held off. Business must be done. Then there will be a chance that the repayment of funded debt that the Soviet government had promised can be made. But scrapping and abandonment means ruin and a paltry payment on the dollar. Therefore international intervention must speedily end the Russo-Polish war, in which, according to Lincoln Colcord, by aiding the Polish drive, the United States is playing the part of junk man for petty and ulterior motives. And anyway, the Poles win victories in vain, for the steady Russian pressure is bound to exhaust the invader. Besides, as long as there is entente aggression by way of Poland, there will be Russian aggression in Persia. England does not want that. So it is safe to bet on Russia as a winner.

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The Fancy

A RECENT article in REEDY'S MIRROR dealt with Fred G. Shaw's book on boxing. Commenting upon the review a correspondent from El Paso, Tex., who has been associated with Tex Rickard and who himself is a sound judge of boxers, sends a list of the best twelve heavy weights, placing them in the following order of importance: 1. Jack Dempsey.

2. Sam Langford. 3. Harry Willis. 4. Georges Carpentier. 5. Frank Moran. 6. Bombardier Wells. 7. Jack Johnson. 8. Jack Thompson. 9. Jess Willard. 10. Al Reich. 11. Battling Levinsky. 12. Bartley Madden. The list is not without interest, though it places Carpentier lower down than some who have seen him in action would put him.

♦♦

Art

I STILL believe that when artists produce things from reality, people will appreciate the work if given an opportunity. I still believe that the unspoiled man and boy and girl has an eye for art and that the average moving picture producer and Sunday comic supplement artist is as pernicious an influence as the man who would scatter poison and disease germs about broadcast. This morning I stood for ten minutes at the corner of Tenth and Locust streets where an art store has a peculiarly interesting display. In that time I counted six working lads with their newspaper-wrapped lunches under their arms, four girls, two men and one child who paused to admire and enjoy the pictures. There was one picture that attracted much attention. It showed a group of cow ponies hitched outside a western saloon on a snowy night from which the lights within shone warmly yellow and suggested comfort and fellowship; one of A. E. Berninghaus' creations. A print of *The Buccaneers*, full of color, life and action from the original by Frederick J. Waugh also had its warm admirers. Then there was the *Awakening of Galatea*, a delicate conception of Herbert Schmalz and near it a Dutch canal scene—they too were favorites. Newspaper artists, moving picture producers and illustrated advertisement makers might learn a thing or two regarding the public appreciation for art if they removed the scales from their eyes. For say what you will, men are conscious of an element called beauty, though it is easy to drag them to the primordial depths.

♦♦

A Notable Book

I HAVE been reading "A Brazilian Mystic" which is the record of the insurrection led by Antonio Conselheiro in Brazil twenty-five years ago. Cunningham Grahame is the author. It is to be regretted that Grahame is not more read, for, in these days of bustling literary activity, he stands apart as one whose personality is felt in his every production. He is an artist, because his work is nothing but self-expression. Yet with that modesty, that mood common to men who have traveled much and thought much, who have seen the works of men blotted out by desert sands, he asks for nothing, expects nothing. "This kind of book," he says, "is bound to find its way, and shortly, to an old bookstall, there to be sold, with other bargains, for a penny, after the fashion of the sparrows in the Holy Scriptures, for it treats of unfamiliar people and of a life unknown and unsuspected by the general. It is no matter, for he who writes a book, writes for his own peculiar pleasure, and if he does not, he had better far abstain from writing, for that which pleases not the writer of the work can scarce please anybody."

Grahame has written on historical subjects before. His "Hernando de Soto" was a masterpiece. It placed him in the front ranks of historians past and present. He is easily superior to Froude, and in lucidity of style not second to Irving. He is more convincing than Prescott and no more tinctured by the vice of hero worship than Bancroft himself. Nor is Motley more alive with generous ardor for the cause of freedom than he. As for picturesqueness, read this, chosen almost at random. It is the commencement of the eighth chapter and runs thus: "In a low voice, and with eyes fixed on the ground, he begun to speak to the assembled multitude, through which a sort of ripple ran, just as it runs through a calm sea after a violent storm."

One must be careless indeed not to catch the compelling beauty of that kind of thing, and when pass-

ages similarly beautiful, are found on page after page, it is seen that not only gifts of mind, but toil and care and patience, artistic workmanship in a word, went to the making of the book. To find equal narrative power you must go to William Morris and read his "Sundering Flood," or his "House of the Wolfings." Again I say, it is a pity that Grahame is not more read.

♦♦♦

Circus

By Vine McCasland

I.

SIDE SHOW

HER scant skirt spreads above her knees.
Her hands lie folded in her lap.
She looks ahead, and does not shrink
To see the mixed crowd nudge and gape,

While dirty men with roving eyes
Press close and whisper, "Look!
Tattooed wherever you can see!
Say, shes' a walkin'-pitcher book!"

Madonna pricked upon her back
Complacently she lets them view,
And on the calf of one bare leg,
Christ crucified—tattooed in blue.

II.

GRAND ENTRY

Monsters in trousers baggy and grey,
With harness of scarlet and brass,
Trunk looped to tail in rhythmic array—
A frieze on a temple of Asia—pass

Solemnly round the tan-bark track.
The breasts of the sulky girl in red
Perched on the leading elephant's back,
Shake to the lurch of his ponderous tread.

Then follows a bamboo palanquin,
Borne by the camels' shambling strength.
The fringes slap as, jolted within,
A tawdry sultana reclines at full length.

Forty dull clowns hobble awkwardly by.
"Hey! That's my mother!" one leers.
He points at the charmer, and then at his eye,
And grins through his painted black tears.

III.

RING-MASTER

Tethered to the canvas top
Undulating shadows writhe—
Snaky flags that seem alive.
"What an awful way to drop!
Look how high it is up there."
—"Shucks! They never get a fall."
"Who's that man in glossy black
Satin knee-pants, and the coat
Red as pepper, on his back?"
—"He's Ring-Master. Hear um bawl,
'All eyes on the center ring!
Attention, please! Attention all!"

IV.

THE WATCHER AT THE ROPES

Stretching her toes until they kiss
The dizzy roof on her upward swing,
Blindfolded, Marie makes a spring
In faultless curve above the abyss.
The man on another frail trapeze,
Clipping the bar with supple knees,
Catches her ankles. The nervous crowd
Closes its eyes or gasps aloud,
Watching from very far below,
Hypnotized, as to and fro,
The pendulum swings, till they leap apart.
A mother's hand goes to her heart.
A boy in uniform shouts or drones,
"Soda-pop, Candy and ice-cream cones!"
Attendants slouch by the ropes and wait.
Unseen, among them, watches Fate—
His lips move, counting—his deep eyes stare
Upward at Marie, Queen of the Air.

The Malvy Affair

By William H. Scheiffley

(LE POIGNARD DANS LE DOS. By Léon Daudet. Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale.)

SINCE the Morocco crisis of 1911 Léon Daudet, recently elected to Parliament, has become the greatest polemic of France. For the past decade through speeches, newspaper articles and books, he has waged incessant war upon the enemies of his country both foreign and domestic. He has proved to be a prophet of the war. None of his compatriots understood so well the sinister designs of Germany; nor did any denounce so persistently the complacency of the French government. Indeed, France owes her salvation to Léon Daudet as much as to any other single man. For without his denunciations, without his letter to President Poincaré, the conspirators Caillaux, Malvy, Bolo and their accomplices would not have been arrested in time. Unhelmed by "defeatist" propaganda, France was fast drifting towards Bolshevism. At the psychological moment, thanks largely to Daudet, patriotism triumphed over treason. German policy, which since 1915 had sought to corrupt the French front through the rear, was by a miracle defeated. With the enemies at home once crushed, Foch and the old "Tiger" soon led France to Victory. Thus was fulfilled Daudet's prophecy in "L'Astre Noir" (1893), forecasting the outcome of the World War.

Already in his "Avant-Guerre" (1913), Daudet had indicated to the French how their eastern neighbor by guile was mastering their strategic centers and securing a firm grip upon their industries of national defence. As the war was soon to make clear, this was a documented book that the government could not afford to ignore. Continuing his campaign, Daudet wrote "Hors du Joug allemand" (1915), an appeal for liberation from the yoke of German education, art and philosophy. "La Vermine du Monde" (1916), an imaginative novel like his masterly "Voyage de Shakespeare," depicts the dreams of world-conquest that occupied the Prussian war lord and his minions from 1912 to the battle of the Marne. "La Guerre totale" (1917) bares particularly the treason of the *Bonnet Rouge*, which, though subsidized by certain French Ministers, was sapping the Anglo-French alliance. But despite these revelations, the French government took no measures to check espionage. Accordingly, on September 30, 1917, Daudet, realizing that the national peril was growing daily more alarming, addressed to President Poincaré his now historic letter, offering proof of Malvy's treason. The dramatic consequences of this act he relates in "Le Poignard dans Le Dos." Here dispassionately he gives the story of the Malvy affair, which he was the first to make public, quoting his letter to President Poincaré, his testimony before the Senatorial Commission, the depositions before the High Court, and the verdict.

In his letter, Daudet asserted that Louis Malvy, Minister of the Interior, had conspired against France for three years; that he was subsidizing the infamous *Bonnet Rouge*, and had permitted the communication of military secrets to the enemy. This time, Poincaré ordered an investigation, and the thirty-three members of the Senatorial Commission proved to be men with open minds, unafraid of the socialists and the powerful Caillaux press. Finally Malvy, brought to bay, demanded a trial by the High Court, apparently hoping to be saved by the influence of such men as Viviani, Briand, and Kibot, former premiers, in whose cabinets he had served since the outbreak of the war. Though they did testify on his behalf, the evidence against him was too compromising. Practically all of Daudet's accusations were sustained. The Court, therefore, sentenced Malvy to banishment, but, partly to satisfy his friends and partly to avoid possible civil strife, for five years only.

Of his own part in the "affair," Léon Daudet may well feel proud. Without indomitable courage and energy he could not have seen it through. As one

able to speak authoritatively from documents, he has vividly described in his book the entire "defeatist" war-period in France. With the frankness that characterizes his "Les Morticoles," a satire upon the medical profession, he has brought to the bar of judgment writers and politicians, but among the few who receive high tribute is Clemenceau. "It is certain," he declares, "that without Clemenceau . . .

treason, subsidized by Germany, would have got the better of France, just as it did of Russia." Yet, the reader cannot escape the conclusion that but for Daudet's campaign, Clemenceau might not have succeeded in removing "the dagger from France's back." It seems indeed, as the author phrases it, that "France finds at the critical moment the men that the moment needs."

Lizzie

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

IT WAS a bright November morning, and big Lizzie swept off the porch, keeping time to the magnificent sweeps of her broom with song, her lusty nasal soprano commanding the neighborhood:

*"Throw out the life line
O'er the dark wave—"*

Jerry, the irrepressible Newfoundland, capering on the grass beyond reach, barked hysterically, occasionally snapping at the broom-straws and sneezing from the dust whirled into his face. It was eight o'clock, but the owner of house and dog still slept. In the kitchen the coffee-pot was on the stove, breakfast was waiting. For this reason Lizzie swept the porch and chanted so vociferously. It was the rule that Mr. Spinch was not to be called in the morning. He preferred to rise in his own good time. He was a nervous middle-aged man, a banker, and free to breakfast when he chose, but eight o'clock was the limit Lizzie set to his slumber. At that hour, winter and summer, if she had heard no sound from the southeast chamber, Lizzie began to sweep the porch just below those windows and sing—and hers was no puny voice. Generously planned in the first instance, it had gained edge and direction from twenty years' practice in the Salvation Army. Now it was powerful, harsh and high. When Mr. Spinch, dozing between the sheets, heard Lizzie's morning hymn arise, he sighed plaintively, and sitting on the edge of his bed slid his feet reluctantly into his slippers. The day had begun.

Today Joseph Spinch's expression was irritable rather than plaintive. He felt a twinge in his shoulder which convinced him that he had not slept well. "I certainly do not feel refreshed this morning!" he murmured to himself, "I need more rest!"

He stood up with stiff deliberation and moved his right arm back and forth with delicate care, his tousled grey hair and thin nose quivering with anxiety. Cautious motions forward, sideways, up and down caused no discomfort. Gradually his apprehension was allayed, and he proceeded to the opening formula for the day.

He assumed what he believed to be a military pose, and solemnly touched the floor with his fingertips ten times, knees stiff. He called this his setting-up exercises, and depended upon it to keep him "fit."

This morning he was peculiarly irritated to find himself accelerating the tempo to keep time with

*"Throw out the life line
O'er the dark wave—"*

He ended slightly out of breath, and his discomfort precipitated a resolve, held in solution in his mind for the past six months. He would send for his sister-in-law and his niece Lucile to keep house for him, and get rid of Lizzie, the old nuisance. But Lucile, whom he had not seen since she was fifteen, must be quite a young lady by now. It would be better to invite her to visit him for a week, look her over, and see if she would be an acceptable member of the household. "Can't go into a thing like this blind," he told himself. "Nobody knows what soft of a girl Lucile has grown into the last four years."

His irritation with Lizzie put him out of rhythm with his precise, economy-of-effort routine. He had to make two unnecessary trips across the room, once to turn on the thin stream of water which ran reluctantly into the brown marble washstand, so that

it would get warm by the time he was ready to shave, and once to retrieve his handkerchief for an unexpected sneeze. These were minor annoyances, but dropping his collar button behind the bureau was a major one. He had to kneel, peer, feel, bag his trousers like an Episcopalian before he recovered it. He was out of step with himself, and came down to breakfast ten minutes behind schedule.

Lizzie penalized him with a four-minute egg, and the upper right-hand corner of his Tribune was torn off, deleting the headlines of two columns and a triangular piece of the text. It might have been an accident. Jerry, if at large, always snapped at the paper boy, but in his present mood Joseph preferred to think it design. Probably his pre-breakfast resolution would have died unaccomplished but for that. As matters stood, he sent Lucile a carefully worded invitation to pay him a week's visit, enclosing a check for railway fare and Pullman, with a dollar thirty-seven over for traveling expenses.

Two days later Lucile arrived. Mr. Spinch broke the news to Lizzie with an elaborate air of indifference. "My niece Lucile's coming this afternoon to spend a week," he coughed nervously, "better get the spare bedroom ready!"

Lizzie, stunned with surprise, nevertheless maintained an admirable composure, though the tray of dishes she was carrying kitchenwards rattled alarmingly. She pushed open the swing-door with a mighty heave of her shoulder. It swung squeakily back and forth several times after her exit as though flapping in consternation and protest at the news. In a moment Lizzie reappeared.

"Should I take an extra half pint off of Mr. Jones from now?" she asked cryptically.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Spinch, all astray.

"Cream—for the young lady," explained Lizzie with lofty patience.

"Yes, yes, of course, anything necessary," he replied hastily. Lizzie left the room with ponderous dignity.

Lucile arrived at five, and her uncle Joseph himself showed her to the guest room. At six Lizzie rang the small silver bell on the dining table. Supper was ready. Majestic, imposing, in her white calico dress with small black figures in it, she waited in the dining room for her first glimpse of Lucile, concealing a feverish curiosity beneath a stolid, expressionless face. A slight, pale girl with light mussy hair, light blue eyes, and an expression of mild obstinacy entered the room and took a seat near Mr. Spinch. Lizzie felt an immediate dislike for her. She brought in the tea in cups as soon as grace had been said, and set it on the table in ominous silence. Lucile began chatting with her uncle Joseph in a most ingratiating way. Lizzie, whose bald comments and replies, graceless but pungent, often Scriptural and unconsciously humorous, had been his sole diversion at meal times, surveyed her with contempt.

"Doesn't give the poor man time to eat!" she commented inwardly. As she watched the food disappear she was forced to amend this. "Not time to notice what he's eating, anyway!"

At first Lizzie, all eyes, had not listened to the conversation, but when she came for the bread plate to fetch more hot biscuits she overheard Lucile say:

"You just ought to taste my cranberry muffins! I got a new recipe this fall."

Lizzie, slammed the empty plate back on the table and left the room. For the first time in twelve years Mr. Spinch had not praised her biscuits, and they were a masterly achievement, biscuits that any cook might be proud of. Mr. Spinch became uneasily conscious that something was wrong, not that he cared of course. Lizzie was a touchy old fool! Still—he tinkled the bell. He really wanted another biscuit. Lizzie came in with the big black tray which she set on the sideboard and started "clearing off." Joseph opened his mouth, but closed it without achieving the single word "biscuits."

Lizzie washed the supper dishes confronted by Fate. She foresaw clearly what this visit meant, what it might lead to. But she would not submit without a struggle. It was unthinkable disaster. Lizzie was forty-five, and had spent the last twelve years in this house, running it and the owner with an efficiency little short of perfection. Though she regarded Mr. Spinch with contemptuous pity, yet she was attached to him, even fond of him in a curious way. But her passionate devotion was for Jerry the dog. The thought of losing him suddenly confronted her, and she sank into her chair at the kitchen table overwhelmed with terror.

Of course she might steal Jerry when she left, or Mr. Spinch might conceivably give him to her, but the problem of his support was insoluble. She had ruined him for a humble station in life, such as she might offer him. She had allowed him to bark at all passers-by, and snap at the grocerman, the ice-man, the milkman, the paper boy, till they refused to enter the yard unless she called from the window that Jerry was shut up safely in the kitchen. And his appetite was pampered like that of a pet lap dog, though he ate three times as much as Mr. Spinch. No, loving him as she did, she could never take Jerry from his comfortable home to face the vicissitudes of life at her side. Her moment of despair, though bitter, was succeeded by one of determination. Never would she yield to that hateful girl. It would be war!

Next morning the porch was swept to a militant tune—

*"Stand up, stand up for Jesus
Ye soldiers of the Cross—"*

There was a bite in the November weather, and a snap in Lizzie's song. Lucile and her uncle appeared simultaneously. Lizzie saw at a glance that this was one of Joseph's cranky mornings. She brought coffee in cups at once, and made haste to "dish up" the oatmeal. When she returned with it Lucile said: "Why not have the coffee poured at the table, Uncle Joseph, it's so much cozier that way!"

Lizzie looked challengingly at Mr. Spinch. Would he uphold this girl? He did not dare to meet her eye, but he thought, "This is the entering wedge!" and muttered:

"Yes, bring it in the coffee pot, Lizzie," and pretended to be immersed in his paper.

Lizzie set the pot between them, but Lucile appropriated it at once, asking in a tone of affectionate sweetness:

"Ready for a second cup, uncle?"

He assented. "How much sugar do you take?" she pursued brightly, "tell me once and I'll never forget it!"

Joseph was in a quandary. He didn't know, and didn't like to ask Lizzie how she fixed it for him. He felt he was looking like a fool in her eyes. He made a random guess.

"Two spoonfuls, please!" Lizzie glanced at him in contemptuous pity. The poor man!

Joseph sipped his coffee. It was nauseously sweet. Silently he put down his cup, and pretended to forget it. Lizzie retired, triumph in her eye. No one but herself—and God, she added as an afterthought—knew that Joseph took his coffee with one and a quarter spoonfuls of sugar and a mere dash of hot milk. It might take him years to strike the right combination. Maybe never!

Joseph went down to the bank in a state of nervous irritation. Lucile was left alone with Lizzie. She finished her third cup of the excellent coffee,

reading her uncle's paper with maddening deliberation. Though Lizzie poked her head through the swing door a half-dozen times to see if Lucile had not left the table so she could "clear off," the hint was ignored. Lucile did not rise even after she had folded her napkin and put it in the silver-plated ring, but browsed through the cookery column and advice to the lovelorn. It was half-past nine when she reluctantly left the table for Lizzie to clear.

An hour later Lizzie was preparing a tongue sandwich as a *bonne bouche* for Jerry, who stood wagging his tail appreciatively at her side, when Lucile appeared.

"I'm going to make apple dumpling for dinner," she announced calmly, looking with disfavor at Lizzie's task, "Uncle Joseph is so fond of apple dumpling!"

"He is, is he?" snorted the older woman, "He's not had it, nor asked for it once in all the twelve years I've been in this house!"

"Poor Uncle Joseph," murmured Lucile.

She found herself an apron. Jerry, after bolting the sandwich at one gulp, turned his attention to the newcomer. He regarded her with deep suspicion, then walked across the room and lay down in front of the pantry door.

"Nice doggie, good doggie!" cooed Lucile, stooping to pat his head. A rumble in Jerry's throat made her withdraw her hand abruptly.

"If that dog is going to lie there, you'll have to get me the flour and things yourself!" she declared sharply.

Lizzie gave her a withering glance. "Some dogs have more sense than men!" she retorted. "Come along, Jerry!"

Contrary to Lizzie's hope the dumping was successful. Joseph ate two helpings and felt poorly all afternoon as a consequence. Lucile, with time heavy on her hands, wandered restlessly through the house, exploring bureau drawers and cupboards with inquisitive fingers. Lizzie, with the clear conscience of a good housekeeper, withdrew in aloof security. Nobody could find moth or rust corrupting her house.

At supper Lucile said: "Uncle Joseph, that dog of yours is very fierce! He'll bite somebody one of these days!"

"He's a very good watch dog, Lucile," replied her uncle with satisfaction. Lizzie smiled grimly. Nobody knew as well as she how timid Mr. Spinch was about burglars. Jerry's tenure at least was secure.

The remainder of the meal passed without incident. Later when Lizzie retired to her room she solaced herself with her auto-harp, singing hymns in demi-voice, and scraping the celluloid thumb-piece over the strings with mournful gusto. Jerry put his muzzle on her knee in pained and wondering sympathy. They exchanged glances of mutual affection. Jerry thumped his tail on the floor, whining softly. Inspiration was born of the moment. With a grim smile Lizzie planned a radical move.

Next morning no song disturbed the slumberers. Joseph, dozing interminably, at last became uncomfortable aware of something wrong. He looked at his watch. Ten past eight! He jumped from bed. There was a bank meeting for this morning. No time to lose. No time for exercise. He hurried into his clothes.

He found Lucile starting the kitchen fire. Lizzie was in bed. He knocked hesitatingly at her door, which stood ajar. A low groan answered him. He intruded a reluctant head. Lizzie lay in bed, a respectable grey cotton-flannel night gown buttoned to her chin, her short thick braids of greying hair lying across the pillow.

"What's wrong, Lizzie?" he asked, uncomfortably moved at the sight of that massive body laid low.

"Lumbago!" she groaned, staring at him with a bright, uncompromising eye.

"Shan't I have a doctor?" suggested Mr. Spinch nervously.

"No!" replied Lizzie, with belligerent decisiveness. He withdrew.

Breakfast was late but a creditable meal except for the coffee.

"This is altogether too sweet, Lucile!" he complained.

"I put in two spoons of sugar, just like you said!" replied Lucile with argumentative precision.

"Well, give me one spoonful, and not so much cream!" he grumbled. The second cup wasn't right either. Devil take the coffee anyway! Only Lizzie, entrenched in her bedroom, could tell how he took it. What if Lizzie should die!

Lucile brought the invalid a meager breakfast on a tray, which the latter scornfully refused, but Jerry did not fare so well. He was offered scraps from plates, cold toast, a little milk. Jerry was not used to such frugal fare. He was too proud to eat. He walked away disdainfully.

Preparations for dinner were in progress. Lizzie could hear from her bed the unfamiliar clatter of distant cooking. She had exiled herself, but never had her domain seemed more dear. Jerry kept her company, as was fitting. It was her love for him which had created the situation.

Lucile, alas, was equal to the test. Her talent was not limited to desserts. She was really able. When Lucile brought in her dinner Lizzie saw that it was good.

"Set it there!" she said, motioning to the chair beside her bed. Though she herself would starve rather than touch Lucile's cookery, Jerry must be fed. She gave him her own dinner, letting him eat it out of her fingers so the plate would not shine unduly. The afternoon rolled slowly by. Supper was prepared. The smell of muffins floated up the back stairs to Lizzie's room. After supper Mr. Spinch again craned an inquiring head through the door.

"How you feeling, Lizzie?" he asked, no longer as anxiously as in the morning. Meals were occurring despite Lizzie's lumbago.

"Better," she said laconically. She realized that she had lost more than she had gained by this venture.

When the kitchen was again deserted Lizzie rose from bed and hurriedly dressed, putting on her blue coat and Salvation Army bonnet. She slipped noiselessly out of the back door, hiding the key under the mat as usual.

The band was holding its meeting in Market Square. Already the first hymn had been sung, and the captain was exhorting the small crowd gathered about him. Lizzie stood by, watching the speaker, whose face was illuminated by the street lamp. The frosty air felt pleasant after a day in bed, and she experienced a profound pleasure in standing with these serious, awkward people, in being one with them, yet almost a stranger to them, on terms of intimacy with none. When the next hymn was announced her voice rose loud and high, above all the other voices. The captain looked her way and smiled. He was glad to have her there leading the singing. She felt the beat of the drum through her entire body, yet she stood unswayed, massive and calm. It came to her that her plan had failed because it was founded upon a lie. This gave her stronger courage than before. The words of the captain returned to her mind. "The humble He hath exalted and the mighty He hath brought low!" . . . The Lord would bring that hateful girl low, and all would be well. Blessed be the name of the Lord! When at last she went home and to bed, she was greatly comforted.

Next morning there was no trace of lumbago in the vigorous strokes of Lizzie's broom, nor of suffering in the high tones of her singularly powerful voice. At breakfast she unobtrusively slipped a cup of coffee, prepared in the proper way, at Mr. Spinch's place before she set the coffee pot before Lucile.

"All right again, Lizzie?" asked the former, after a hot but satisfactory gulp.

"Yes," she replied over her shoulder, before the swing-door flapped to. She sang over her dish washing, secure in the knowledge that the Lord was on her side. She was on the lookout for a sign. Lucile appeared in the kitchen.

"Has the milkman come yet?" she asked impersonally, avoiding Lizzie's eye.

"No," replied Lizzie, whose own eye would not offend itself with the image of Lucile.

"Call me when he comes. I ordered some special cream yesterday," said Lucile, leaving the room.

"Special cream!" muttered Lizzie to the floor mop. "Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction!"

Lucile did not trust Lizzie to call her. She watched at the dining room window, and when the milkman's wagon appeared, made her way to the kitchen at once.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones!" she cried brightly as the crudely handsome young man came in the back door, his face red from the wind. "Did you bring the cream I ordered?"

"Sure thing. Here it is," he replied, one eye on Lizzie to see how she was taking it. "How are you, Lizzie? Heard you were on the sick list yesterday."

"I'm all right today, thanks!" she replied crisply.

"Are you sure this cream will whip, Mr. Jones?" asked Lucile, in the tone of one who makes polite conversation.

"Surest thing you know! It'll stand by itself," he said, grinning at the girl in friendly fashion.

"I'm going to make some blanc-mange," she continued, "and cream must be real rich for that."

"I'll bet you are some cook!" he retorted with another glance in Lizzie's direction.

"I'll save you a piece of blanc-mange and you can judge for yourself," chirped Lucile sweetly.

"Now there's some sense to that! Believe me, I'll remind you of that promise tomorrow morning!" and the young man departed, chuckling.

"And the words of her mouth are vanity, all the day long," said Lizzie to herself, hoping the phrase was Scripture, but not quite certain.

The blanc-mange was conspicuously successful. Lizzie, groaning in spirit at the unchristian waste of cream, brought it to the table and heard it praised. Afterward she was tempted to throw away the large plateful left, instead of putting it in the ice box for Eli Jones, the milkman. But as she afterward thought, the Lord stayed her hand. In truth she was morally incapable of destroying such an investment in cream as the blanc-mange represented.

This was Friday, and Lucile was invited to stay till the following Tuesday, if indeed she were not to stay forever. Lizzie was not deaf to the hints the girl threw out at the table. "Mamma wrote this morning that she is poorly since I left, but she thinks a change would do her a world of good!" "Mamma loves Michigan, though she hasn't been here since papa died." "Mamma has always admired you so much, Uncle Joseph. She says you were the handsomest man at the wedding, when she married poor papa."

"Make haste, O Lord!" Lizzie muttered to herself, "the farther it goes, the harder job you'll have stopping it!"

While Eli Jones ate the blanc-mange next morning, praising it loudly, Lucile inquired innocently:

"Are there any pitcher shows in this town, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I should say!" he replied heartily. "Haven't you been to one yet?"

"Not one, since I got here," said Lucile demurely.

"Well, how about tonight?" ventured the young milkman. "Say, there's a great show on at the Palace—Mary Pickford."

"I'd love to go, Mr. Jones, but I hope you don't think I was hinting!"

"I sh'd say not! Will you be ready at seven? Or would you rather go to the second show?"

"Oh, seven will suit me perfectly!" Lucile assured him hastily.

All at once a great light came to Lizzie, mixing batter on the kitchen table. Her heart throbbed with exultation. Joseph Spinch couldn't abide company coming and going in the house. Lucile was rushing to her own destruction. She burst into a uncontrollable song:

*"He works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform—"*

At which Lucile hastily left the room.

That night Lizzie, Jerry and the auto-harp had

jubilation song service in her room. Lucile had left by the back door, telling her uncle merely that she was going out for some air. At ten o'clock when Mr. Spinch had grown sleepy over his book, he called up the back stairs to Lizzie, between hymns:

"Where's Lucile? Hasn't she come home yet?"

"Not so far as I know," said Lizzie.

"I'm going to bed," he called, then hesitated a moment. He wondered if he dared to ask Lizzie to wait up and let Lucile in, but decided in the negative. He cleared his throat uncertainly and moved away, to bed.

Lizzie stole down the back stairs and put Jerry out, to his hurt surprise. He always slept indoors. She bore as best she might his look of reproach as she closed the kitchen door in his face, secure in the knowledge that she was acting for the best.

At ten forty-five, when Mr. Spinch had just fallen comfortably asleep, there came a terrific barking in the front yard. He jumped from his bed, thinking "burglars!" He ran to the window. There stood a man by the front gate. His arm was around a girl, plainly visible in the bright moonlight. Jerry, wildly barking, was refusing them admittance. It couldn't be—yes, it was, Lucile! He called the dog to shut up, but Jerry heeded not at all. He waited for Lizzie to waken, but her room was at the back of the house. There was nothing for it—unless he wanted Jerry to rouse the whole neighborhood and "cause talk"—he would have to let Lucile in himself. Pulling on a pair of trousers over his night shirt, Mr. Spinch turned up the gas at the head of the stairs and descended. He opened the front door and called Jerry in. Lucile followed. The young man had disappeared.

"That wretched dog!" exclaimed Lucile, half in tears as she started up stairs. Joseph waited for her to pass, looking half ridiculous, half menacing with the gas light shining down on his ruffled hair and angry nose, his hand upraised to the fixture, ready to turn it off when Lucile was safely in her room. A timid, fussy old gentleman he might be, but so wedded to his habits that he would down a bigger woman than Lucile rather than have them interfered with.

Lizzie contrived to be down cellar next morning when Eli Jones came, leaving Lucile a free hand with the milkman. Listening at the foot of the stairs she heard a skirmish and a muffled scream. "You mustn't!" giggled Lucile sotto voce, "Lizzie might come up any moment. What if she'd tell Uncle Joseph?"

"Who cares about Uncle Joseph!" boasted the young man who had fled into the shadow the night before. Then Lizzie heard a sound which even her inexperience recognized as a resounding hearty smack. She quivered in mingled joy and horror. Such going on in her own kitchen!

Sunday afternoon Lizzie, bound for Salvation Army meeting, left the house to Lucile and Mr. Spinch. The latter lay down on the back parlor sofa for his customary Sunday afternoon nap. Lucile, bored to tears, drooped over a book. The clocks took possession of the house, ticking, whirring, striking. An hour passed thus and then the silence was shattered by a ring at the front door bell. Uncle Joseph sat bolt upright with a jerk. Before he had organized himself he heard Lucile open the front door, and an unmistakably masculine voice return her greeting. The voices and footsteps moved into the adjoining room, the front parlor. He heard chairs drawn forward, squeaking with the weight of bodies seating themselves. Not even pausing to put on his coat, hanging over the back of a chair, Mr. Spinch stalked to the doorway to investigate.

"O Uncle Joseph!" giggled Lucile, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Jones!"

"We ought to know each other better," said the young man heartily, "I've been carrying milk to your back door for three years!"

With an effort Mr. Spinch placed him. Old Silas Jones' son. As a banker it was his business to know everybody, and Silas was a good depositor at the National.

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Jones," he responded in his business manner, and checked himself as he was about to add the inevitable formula, "And what can we do for you this morning?"

An awkward pause ensued. Lucile and Eli started to speak at once, but Lucile was easily victorious. "Mr. Jones and I were just going for a walk," she said. Eli, who was going to seize this opportunity to make himself agreeable to Lucile's uncle, felt slightly harassed, but there seemed nothing to do after this statement but rise and go.

They removed themselves, their offensive youth, their loud young voices, but the nap was disturbed and the afternoon ruined for Mr. Spinch. He sat and brooded darkly. What was the use of carefully acquiring habits for a lifetime only to let a little fool like Lucile upset them? Joseph always slept on Sunday afternoons, unless there was a funeral. Now the coming three hours yawned like a horrible void before him. He made his decision, final, irrevocable. Better Lizzie's tyranny and settled ways than Lucile's damfoolishness!

Tuesday noon Lizzie heard Mr. Spinch giving Lucile messages for her mother and sister Clara. She would leave that afternoon at four. Her uncle returned from the bank to see her off at the station, where Eli was waiting with a box of chocolates. Lizzie heard the front door closing. Lucile did not come into the back of the house to say goodbye. She was not a fool.

Alone in the regained sanctity of her kitchen, Lizzie's heart was full. She looked about its shining, ordered tranquillity, her eyes moving slowly like a caress over the familiar objects, roller towel, spice jars, clock face, stove lids. Jerry, fed to repletion, thumped his tail on the floor. This was to remain her home. Suddenly her cup was full. She began to dance, awkwardly, ludicrously, about the kitchen, swaying her head from right to left, throwing her massive shoulders, her sturdy legs, now this way, now that. She waved her arms above her head and struck her knuckles together like beaten cymbals. The floor shook beneath her weight, the stove rattled. Jerry watched her with dubious eyes. He half rose, with drooping tail, but thought better of it and lay down again. Lizzie began to chant:

*"David danced before the Lord,
David danced before the Lord!"*

At last, dizzy, exhausted, panting, she sank to the floor beside Jerry, and holding his head close to her mighty bosom, wept passionately, shamelessly, her tears falling thick upon his rough, shaggy hair.

♦♦♦

Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

IX. THE THEORY OF ELIPHAZ, THE TEMANITE

If you must do something not yet done, this surely will be best:

Be good and break the record. Then stop, my son, and rest.

AS I understand the theory on which Eliphaz the Temanite undertakes to explain why man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward, it is because he never learns when or where or how to stop. He is never satisfied until he breaks the record. Then he is immediately challenged by some one else, and there is no stopping.

Eliphaz is undertaking to make it clear that life is not necessarily agonizing. He points out that affliction is not chemically organized from the dust, and that troubles on earth, not being of natural or spontaneous origin—or at least not in sufficient quantities to supply the demand for export—must be manufactured by and for those who do not feel able to survive, or to enjoy life without them.

As this is "the game of life," a modern student of the theory of Eliphaz undertakes to sum results to date:

*We play the game and make men's lives the stakes.
They are our counters as each gamester strives*

*For growing mastery of all men's lives,
That they may live and die for his sole sake,
Or his ideal, that he at last may make
His fortune or his fame, as he derives
From all men's loss, the power by which he thrives,
Though graves increase and throbbing hearts must
break.*

*We play the game that we may each be great—
Merchant or banker, churchman, millionaire,
King, boss, philanthropist or man of state,
Guide, leader, patriot, soldier, potentate,
We win. Good losers all are dumb. We share
Above their graves in gain the loss they bear.*

If this considers life as a long-drawn agony, increasing in agony as it grows more modern, that seems to be the view Eliphaz the Temanite took of it after his observations of the habits of the other Temanites and their neighbors. The Temanites disliked the suffering they felt at times in minding their own business, but they delighted in the agony of any sort of a contest with anybody else they hoped to get the better of in any way whatever. This distinction between suffering and agony, which must be made before any one can hope to escape agony, seems clear to Eliphaz, and he supposes he has discovered the way out for those who can make up their minds to try to please God and mind their own business.

I suppose the modern name for this may be "self-determination," which may mean anything you like. For Eliphaz, self-determination might mean keeping out of contests, breaking no records and trying an experiment in being a good-enough Temanite in his own way, without wishing or consenting to be great, heroic, excellent or in any way superior to any one else whatever. In short, a Temanite of this kind might try simply to please God and mind his own business, as the only possible way of escaping agony in trying to please himself.

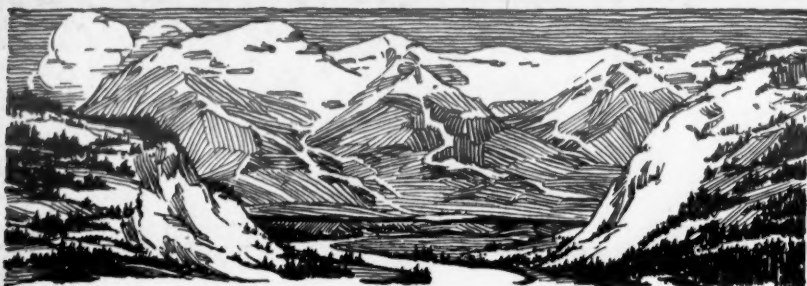
"But Job answered and said: O that my grief were thoroughly weighed and my calamity laid in the balance together." From which it may be inferred that he did not wish to please God in the Temanite way; that he was not being permitted to mind his own business, and that Eliphaz, who did not understand his case at all, had not been invited to decide it. This seems to anticipate objections to self-determination, when in the twentieth century it is made compulsory for all concerned, whether they like it or not.

As a result if any one now says: "I have stopped trying to be heroic, or excellent, or eminent, or great. I am self-determined in trying to be good enough to be fit to live," he will be jerked into the game by the collar and informed that if he does not break all previous records, he will have agony supplied to him, ready-made, without regard to his enjoyment. Perhaps if Eliphaz had studied modern art, he might have added a supplement to his conclusions. One of the works of art he never saw was a purple cat, with its back arched, its tail expanded and its claws out, officially displayed by the Superintendent of Self-Determination and officially explained by the words "Treat 'Em Rough."

If we suppose a Temanite, brought forward into the twentieth century, were being thus instructed in self-determination, what would occur to him at a crisis if he should refuse to identify himself heroically with the purple cat? How soon would he get through his penitentiary sentence if he should reply: "If I can't be good, I won't be great?"

A correct answer may connect compulsory self-determination and compulsory peace in the twentieth century with compulsory war and other compulsory troubles among the Temanites.

The theory of Eliphaz that the man who tries to please God and mind his own business will be exempt from agony clearly does not apply to modern times. Nor was Job satisfied with it, for he denied that what is unsavory should be eaten without salt. In the end, with the agony over, Job's merit was disclosed and vindicated. He was a good loser. And that is the sixteenth point.



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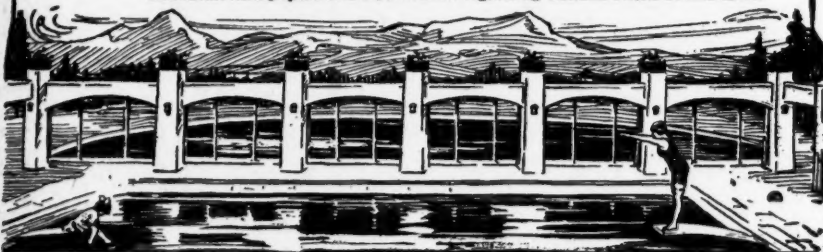
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Letters from the People

Vivisection Information

New York, June 26, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

In your issue of June seventeenth there is an article signed "Young Barbarian," and judging from the letter the young man showed considerable perspicuity in selected his *nom de plume*.

While Young Barbarian makes many laughable misstatements, showing his youth and lack of knowledge of the subject, which might be easily answered, it is only necessary for the purpose of the writer of this letter to notice a few. Young Barbarian says that the animal undergoing vivisection "never feels any pain whatsoever." To one who has been reading vivisection literature during the past twelve years, this statement is perfectly absurd, for the vivisectioners themselves do not hesitate to admit pain. In *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, March 23, 1918, in a report of experiments performed at Rochester, Minnesota, it is said: "All of the experiments were performed on dogs. * * * The first effect produced by the intraperitoneal injection of Dakin's solution in an unanesthetized dog is evidence of pain; and one may constantly read of experiments where the vivisectioner says "animal in great pain," "animal severely ill," etc. Then there are the experiments of putting the animals' ears in boiling water and croton oil on the ears, causing the death of the animals, pumping air into the veins, running animals in the treadmill, depriving puppies of sleep until they die, and scarifying the eyeball with glass. One might go on indefinitely recounting such experiments. Then we have the starving experiments—the vivisectioners usually express it this way: "Dogs allowed to fast." Dr. Austin Flint says in his text book: "Thirty to thirty-five days may be taken as the average duration of life in dogs deprived entirely of food and water."

William H. Howell in his text book says: "All accounts agree that complete deprivation of water for long periods induces intense discomfort and anguish. * * *"

There are also the drowning experiments, and the chloroform poisoning experiments, and alcohol experiments which cause severe illness.

Will Young Barbarian say that these animals do not suffer?

Young Barbarian would have the public believe that the experiment ends with the operation when, if he is at all familiar with the subject, he knows that the operation is only the beginning of the experiment, and that even when anesthesia is given—and the anesthesia of the laboratory differs very materially from the surgical anesthesia that the public understands—there are, in many cases, weeks and months in which the animals undergo, while under observation, intense suffering.

To cite one case out of hundreds equally severe, it is said in the *American Journal of Physiology*, June, 1911, pp. 142 to 159, that "Most of our parathyroid tetany dogs show signs of pain

(restlessness, groaning) at certain stages of the disease. This seems to be accompanied by excessive tenderness over the thorax and abdomen, especially the latter. Light pressure or stroking of the abdomen, increases the groaning. . . . This excessive abdominal tenderness is accompanied by increased tone or contracture of the abdominal muscles."

"Summary-Parathyroid tetany in dogs is accompanied by gastro-intestinal disorders; anorexia, vomiting, diarrhea (usually), pain in the abdominal region; and in the majority of our cases hyperemia, hemorrhages, and ulcers of pyloric and duodenal mucosa."

Young Barbarian says: "Perhaps you might think it worth while to show the other side of the question." If the public knew the other side of the question as expressed in the writings of the vivisectioners themselves, the practice of vivisection would immediately cease.

Our quotations are taken from the reports of the vivisectioners themselves, who have, therefore, not only seen these experiments, but are continually performing them; and book, date and page will gladly be furnished for every statement made in this letter.

SUE M. FARRELL,

President Vivisection Investigation League.

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Back to the Farm

Indianapolis, Ind., June 26, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Your editorial entitled "We Drop Back Two Pegs," deserves an addenda. Other cities do not consider the increase of city population to be an evidence of prosperity. It is seen that as the city has attracted men, the country has lost. This is noticeably so in the cases of Detroit and Cleveland. The exodus to the city thus means lessened farm production, which in turn means higher prices for the common necessities of life. That, in turn, means before long, a return to the farm. The truth is that in the east St. Louis is pointed to as a city of sturdy growth. When other cities feel the pinch, you will be fairly comfortable.

J. O. MILLER.

❖❖

Protection

Fruit Hill, Ohio, June 24, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

When in a recent issue you wrote that no marked issue excepting the League of Nations existed between the two great political parties, you overlooked the ever-present question of protection. Now as never before, the Republican party must stand to protect the American people. The war has resulted in a new urge to invention and the American, always ingenious and inventive, must be protected lest he be robbed of the fruits of his labors.

HUBERT P. LEWIS.

(If the American is more ingenious and inventive minded than any other nation, as Mr. Lewis seems to think he is, it would seem that it is the other fellow, not so gifted, that needs the protection.—C. J. F.)

War in Future

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of General Staff, has been telling a soldier audience that the pleasant talk we heard in wartime about the "war to end all war" and the coming age of peace had no real basis of fact—that it was nothing but a delusion. Wars were even now being waged in various parts of the world—there were "twenty or thirty of them." And he warned his audience to hold themselves ready for more wars, telling them the outlook for the Empire was anxious and menacing. Mr. Churchill has tried to explain away the Field-Marshal's utterances, as a mere platitudinous reminder that the Empire must be adequately armed. But Sir Henry told his hearers that he spoke with special knowledge and was saying something that had a practical significance, something different from the pleasant platitudes of the politicians.

On the morrow of Sir Henry Wilson's speech we take up the quarterly issue of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*. It is an important publication, because it gives us the considered opinions of our naval and military leaders. A technical work written by and for sailors and soldiers, it has a very limited circulation outside the membership of the Institution, which now numbers about 5,000. It would be well, however, if the general public knew something of the views put forward by its contributors, keen-minded scientific sailors and soldiers who partly voice, partly shape, the opinion of our Navy and Army, and thus influence the policy of the Admiralty and the War Office.

They have assuredly no illusions as to the advent of a reign of international peace and good will. They are studying the experiences of our great war in order to forecast the character of coming wars and suggest the best means of preparing for another gigantic conflict. And from their forecasts two things are clear:

(1) The next great war will utterly eclipse the horrors of that which began in August, 1914.

(2) Naval and military opinion is accepting as necessary elements in the "civilized warfare" of the immediate future methods of wholesale destruction of life, which five years ago were regarded as inhuman and barbarous atrocities.

We all remember the outburst of indignation called forth by the news of the first German gas attack at Ypres on April 22, 1915. It was described as "inhuman cruelty," "cowardly treachery," "black devilry." The "black devilry" is now accepted as a normal feature of future war. Lieutenant King Hall, R. N., looks forward to its extension to naval warfare, for he writes:

"It is my personal opinion that the use of gas may eventually revolutionize warfare much as gunpowder did when first introduced. . . . The gas might be discharged on to an enemy coast-line. I believe there was a proposal to do this from coastal motor boats on to the Belgian coast during the last war, but out of deference to Belgian susceptibilities the idea was abandoned. If it ever became necessary to use gas in this manner, a submarine would have many advantages as a gas discharger, especially if the gas could be made invisible."

The soldiers appear to have no doubt that the revolution in warfare has come, and that gas in various forms will be a main feature of the new age of "chemical warfare." In a lecture on the future of the tank we find Colonel Fuller, lately Chief Staff Officer of the Tank Corps in France, speaking, with what sounds like flippant cynicism, of coming developments:

"Another great revolution in warfare faces us both on land and sea—gas warfare. Do not let us minimize its possibilities. Five hundred years ago both soldier and civilian scoffed at gunpowder and declared

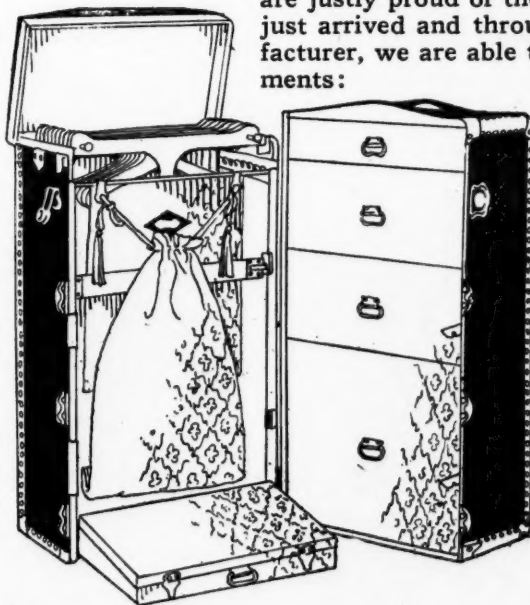
it to be a devilish invention, because it happened to be a new one. Everything new has in its time been attributed to his Satanic Majesty, who, indeed, must be the greatest of inventors. In this capacity I frankly admit myself to be a devil worshipper, and I cannot help feeling that I am at this moment among friends and not amongst theologians."

Colonel Fuller does not "minimize the possibilities." He looks forward to the age of swift-moving tanks, air-tight against their own gas cloud, with engines driven by accumulators and stores of oxygen and compressed air for the

crew. Their weapon will be gas dischargers fed from magazines filled with tons of liquid gas. This will search out and destroy all life in their zone of action. The frontier fort of the future will be armed with gas dischargers and be able to bar all hostile movement over the zone it commands, by creating a "gas inundation," an atmosphere of death. Presumably siege operations will depend largely on suffocating the besieged with gas clouds. Colonel Fuller suggests that gas warfare may be humanized by making the gas merely asphyxiating in a painless manner. Tem-

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porary asphyxiation without death would suffice, or it might only temporarily demoralize and disable an enemy. But other enthusiasts go much further.

Thus in the discussion on Colonel Fuller's lecture we find Major-General Swinton, one of the inventors of the tank, saying:

"I imagine from the progress that has been made in the past that in the future we will not have recourse to

gas alone, but we will employ every force of nature that we can; and there is a tendency at present for progress in the development of the different forms of rays which can be turned to lethal purposes. We have X-rays, we have light rays, we have heat rays. Mr. H. G. Wells in his 'War of the Worlds,' alludes to the heat rays of the Martians, and we may not be so very far from the development of some kind of lethal ray which will shrivel up or

paralyze or poison human beings if they are unprotected. . . . The final form of human warfare, as I regard it, is germ warfare. I think it will come to that, and so far as I see there is no reason why it should not, if we mean to fight. In that case, perhaps the tanks would not be such a great panacea, because short of previous inoculation it would not be possible to stop the progress of diseases simply by putting men into steel or any other type of enclosed vessels."

There was no protest called forth by this monstrous suggestion, either from the chairman or any of the officers present. It is published for the inspiration of our Army at p. 296 of the Institute's *Journal*. It goes out to foreign countries as an expression of educated military opinion in England. One begins to think that, though the war of 1914-18 was not, after all, a "war to end all

war," it is proving to have been the "war that ended all civilized war."—From the *London Nation*.

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address:

THE PEACE IN THE MAKING by H. Wilson Harris. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$2. Mr. Harris' avowed intention is to convey to the reader a knowledge of what the Peace Conference did and how it did it. He was special correspondent of the *London Daily News* at the conference. Interesting side lights are given.

FLEURS-DE-LYS translated and edited by Wilfred Thorley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2.

An anthology of the best French poetry from the thirteenth century to the present day, with brief biographical notes, indexed by authors and by first lines. One hundred twenty authors are represented.

BEYOND THE HORIZON by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

One of the few successes of the present New York theatrical season, reviewed at length in these columns some months ago by Miss Babette Deutsch.

THE GLOSS OF YOUTH by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1.

A one-act play dealing with an imaginary incident in the lives of Shakespeare and John Fletcher, in which appear also the youthful John Milton and Oliver Cromwell. It has twice been presented in Philadelphia and is scheduled for production at the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon in August. The author is coeditor with his father of the *Variorum Shakespeare*.

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.75. Metaphysical reflections.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co.

Uncanny mystery, vivid imagination, thrilling adventure in *excelsis* characterize all the Tarzan books. This latest one is up to the standard of its predecessors.

THE MODERN BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE edited with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.50.

The best both by popular and critical verdict of the English verse from King Cnut to Rupert Brooke. Compiled by a true poet. Indexed by authors, first lines and titles.

THE MODERN BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE edited by Albert Boni. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.50.

A compilation of translations selected primarily for those who cannot enjoy French poetry in the original. The translations are by Chaucer, Francis Thompson, Swinburne, Arthur Symonds, Robert Bridges, John Payne, Longfellow, Ezra Pound, Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, Andrew Lang, Spencer, Edmund Gosse and others equally notable. The French poets selected range from mediaeval times to the present. Indexed by authors, translators, titles and first lines, it makes a very complete anthology of the more familiar French verse as rendered in English by English poets famous for their original work.

26 JAYNE ST. by Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2.

The heroine with whom every man in the book falls in love is an all too common feature of fiction. Here we have a young man whom all the ladies love, and loving him, do not quite murder each other. Well written.

A CRITIC IN PALL MALL by Oscar Wilde. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

Charming reviews of books and essays on literary matters which appeared for the most part in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the 1880s, collected by E. V. Lucas. Keats, Shakespeare,

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Balzac, Ben Johnson, Pater, Beranger, George Sand are some of the authors whose lives and work his pen illuminates; "Aristotle at Afternoon Tea," "Dinners and Dishes," "To Read or Not to Read" are some of the titles. Published in the Ravenna edition, 12-mo., red flexible leather or semi-flexible cloth. Wilde's works complete in fifteen volumes or sold separately. Reviewed at length in the MIRROR of June 3.

NEW ITALY by Helen Zimmern and Antonio Agresti. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

An apology for Italy in relation to her derivation of the Triple Alliance and entering the war eventually on the side of the Allies. The effort is made to present a synthetic view of Italy as she was and is and of her work during the war. The history begins with the war of 1886. There are chapters on political parties, parliament, colonial policy, education, economic progress, relations with the Germans, shipping and railways, administration and taxation, labor and the intelligentsia. Helen Zimmern is a British subject who has lived in Italy since 1887. Antonio Agresti is an Italian author of note who has written the standard Italian translation of Bernard Shaw.

TIM TALKS by Tim Thrift. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.

"Uplift" work done in a big business concern; stories, sketches, essays.

VERSE by William Cary Sanger, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

The author's four earlier books published as one: "Tides of Commerce," "The City of Toil and Dreams," "War Poems" and "In the Land of the Harvest."

EARLY PERSIAN POETRY by A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: Macmillan Co., \$2.25.

The author is professor of Indo-Iranian languages in Columbia University and has already to his credit several books on Persia. The present volume is a commentary on Persian poetry from the earliest beginnings down to Firdausi in the tenth century, with an English translation of the more notable ones. In the translations his efforts has been to combine the feeling of the original with the modern forms; to be both literal and literary. Among the poems is a new rendition in blank verse of "Suhrah and Rustum," interesting to compare with Matthew Arnold's version. The book is thoroughly indexed and has a complete bibliography, also ten illustrations.

WHITEWASH by Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran.

"Whitewash" in the story is symbolical of the veneer of wilful blindness which hides the ruder facts of our social dispensation. A love story of the villages and estates of rural England.

THE VOYAGE OUT by Virginia Woolf. New York: George H. Doran.

A first novel by one whom the London Spectator terms "a consummate artist in writing."

THE STORY OF THE 139TH INFANTRY by Clair Kenamore. St. Louis: Guard Press, \$7.

A brief history of the 139th with a complete roster of officers and men and recognizable photographs of all. There are but ninety copies of the book remaining. Mr. Kenamore was with the regiment as correspondent for the Post-Dispatch.

TALKS WITH T. R. from the diaries of John J. Leary, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.50.

It was Roosevelt's custom to discuss national affairs and characters very frankly and unreservedly with a group of newspaper men—called locally "the newspaper cabinet"—who he knew would not betray his confidence. Mr. Leary was one of these and recorded the conversations in note books as received. They afforded peculiarly interesting reading, with the sidelights on Roosevelt's opinions of his contemporaries. They have the true "Teddy" tang.

EASY LESSONS IN EINSTEIN by Edwin E. Slosson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

There has been much learned talk of Einstein's theory of the relativity of time and space. Here is an author who without pre-

tending to be one of the twelve capable of understanding it offers a simple discussion of the more intelligible features of it. It is written in plain and mostly humorous language for the layman. Illustrated.

JEHOVAH by Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$2.

Lyrical and semi-lyrical poems recording the course of a dispute between the Israelites and the Kenites in the days of David. This poem won the \$500 lyric prize for 1919.

BLACKSHEEP! BLACKSHEEP! by Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.75.

An adventure story which starts with the hero a member of New York's exclusive social set and transfers him rapidly into the inner councils of the elite of crookdom. Of course a woman is responsible. Illustrated.

HAVE WE A FAR EASTERN POLICY? by Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50.

The author has been a student of and active participant in foreign and domestic questions of economics and politics for many years. This volume is the result of ten months spent in investigation on the shores and upon the islands of the Pacific ocean. Preface by David Jayne Hill.

SONGS AND PORTRAITS by Maxwell Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

Poems by an American favorably known as a short story writer.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON by Henry James Ford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

Although the biographer comments upon the paucity of sources of material for this work, he presents much interesting information concerning days. His part in the war and in the government of the nation, his breach with Washington, his duel with Burr, his apparent failure and the revised estimate of his career go to make up a very readable volume.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE BIRDS by W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$4.

Hudson is a lover of birds, of nature, and in writing this book he wishes to reveal to the ordinary person—neither poet nor naturalist—what joy may be added to life by the simple observation of the common wild birds. It

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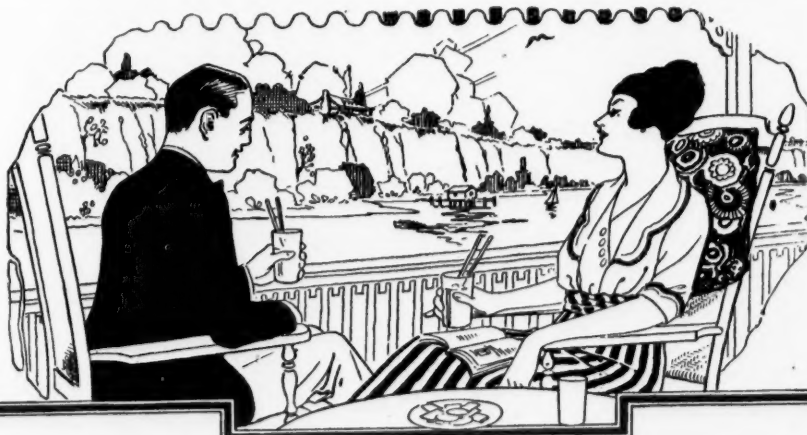
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is written with sympathy and understanding, with beauty and simplicity. Profusely illustrated with wood cuts from Bewick's "British Birds," edition of 1886. Indexed.

HERBERT HOOVER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK by Vernon Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.

A personal account of the life and activities, private and public, of Herbert Hoover, by a friend and associate in all of his war time organizations. Since his life has been in California, China, Australia and London the book is of considerable general interest, aside from its quality of campaign propaganda for the presidential nomination. Portrait frontispiece.

BUFFALO BILL'S LIFE STORY. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corp., \$3.

Colonel W. F. Cody's autobiography, being a simple, natural account of his adventures in the West in the very early days, written with the breeziness which characterized his deeds. Illustrated with drawings by N. C. Wyeth.

KINDRED OF THE DUST by Peter B. Kyne. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corp., \$1.75.

A romance of the Northwest, wherein the son of the lumber king falls in love with the outcast of the camp. Illustrated. Reviewed in a recent issue of REEDY'S MIRROR.

BLUE AND PURPLE by Francis Neilson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Songs to a wife, by the author of "The Butterfly on the Wheat," an ex-member of Parliament, and one of the editors of the New York Freeman.

AMERICA'S POSITION IN MUSIC by Eugene E. Simpson. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.

Traces the primitive and nationalistic elements, as shown in Indian and Negro music, and their development, as shown in the work of some of the best composers. Compares American composition with that of Europe during the same period.

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO? by Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$1.90.

A novel love affair and a sinister blackmailing plot, with much comment upon current customs, done in the author's most slashing style. Illustrated. Recently reviewed in these columns.

THE FIRST VALLEY by Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.75.

Supposedly chronicling life beyond the grave on "the first plane following death," offered as fact evidencing continual existence. Garbed in fiction, it is at worst a goody-good story.

MARGOT'S PROGRESS by Douglas Goldring. New York: Thomas Seltzer, \$1.90.

Entertaining novel in which a beautiful Canadian, with no capital other than her beauty, wins for herself social position in England.

"BARBAROUS SOVIET RUSSIA" by Isaac McBride. New York: Thomas Seltzer, 5 W. 50th St., \$2.50.

An American correspondent's record of his observations in Muscovy. Soviet Russia is not unanimously Bolshevik, any more than the United States is unanimously Democratic or Republican or Prohibitionist, yet Russia stands overwhelmingly in support of the soviet government. The peasant opposition is mainly due to deficiencies in transportation and the shortage of manufactured articles. There are no pogroms, contrary to popular report in this country; the Jews and the Russians share in the government. The author found throughout Russia the utmost kindness and good will toward all the world. His book affords an unprejudiced and unbiased view of Russian government, education, organization, finances, industrial conditions.

Marts and Money

They have a dull, elusive, reactionary market in little old Wall Street. Professionals are worrying over strikes and rumors of strikes. They are plagued by dark fears of chaotic railway conditions both in the East and West. Of course, all this is badly exaggerated. The present is naturally a season of quietness, rumination, and formulation of plans for another aggressive campaign as soon as the prompting word has been

flashed along the line from on high in accordance with the time-honored custom. Should serious railway troubles develop, the Federal Government will undoubtedly take quick and efficacious repressive action. Besides, obstreperous workers know quite well that in prevailing circumstances the public is determinedly opposed to unsettling and extensive strikes. It is decidedly significant and encouraging that the quotations for virtually all railroad stocks are reflective of steady, stealthy accumulation in hours of moderate depression. There are no signs of broad liquidation in any quarter. People still possessed of their wits are not in a hurry to sell meritorious shares that are already quoted at or near the lowest prices for many years and affording unusually, if not exceptionally, substantial yields on the invested money.

The scare-mongering is badly overdone and getting rather monotonous. "Something too much of this!" There have been hints of panic and general economic perdition for months, but nothing happened that was at all calculated to cause insomnia among the hierarchy of finance. If one of the "plutes" has even been frightened by a vision of panic, he undoubtedly rubbed his nose, smiled, swore a prayer or two, and slept again. There's lots of fun in reading brokers' gossip nowadays. After you have inwardly digested, you are just as wise as you were before. Nobody seems to know what's what. Jones is reported as having said to Smith that the market is a buy. Potter is said to be heavily short of Mexican Petroleum and confident that everything will go smash in two or three months. Another dispatch will inform you that odd-lot buyers are busy, and that the best authorities consider this a reliable indication of the approach of another bull drive. Odd-lot buyers, it is claimed, are, as a rule, excellent judges of the trend in the market. By this time you have almost ceased to celebrate. You raise your straw-hat and mop your brow in bewildered fashion. The broker, smiling benignly, hands you another dispatch. You stare at him, somewhat pathetically, glance at the lines, return the thing with a perfunctory "thank you", smile weakly, and beat it. Such is the common experience nowadays. There's plenty of talk about politics. The unsophisticated take it seriously, but the old hands pay hardly any attention to it marketwise. They know their Papenheimers. They feel sure that no matter what the results may be in November, Wall Street will continue to run a market, flim-flam the "outsiders", and in all probability sell Stock Exchange seats at prices signifying new high records.

To the average trader, the sharp fluctuations in the call money rate seem an insuperable obstacle to another rise in values. A charge of 10 or 15 per cent for an optional loan may make the broker smile, but is a heavy burden upon owners of long contracts. There's something peculiar about this credit pinch. It doesn't appear difficult to float loans at figures implying fat returns to bankers. Numerous offerings of bonds and notes drawing 7 per cent have been oversubscribed in recent weeks. At the same time it should be noted that deposits continue increasing in the banks throughout the country. They are greater

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Union Electric's business is PERMANENT. It is the BASIC electric light, heat and power industry of the Greater St. Louis district, covering an area, including the City of St. Louis, of more than 1,000 square miles, with over 1,000,000 inhabitants.

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than they ever have been. So why all this hullabaloo about sinister scarcity of funds?

Much stress is still being placed upon the terrible state of affairs in Europe. That the distress is serious cannot be questioned. But it is noteworthy, all the same, that exchange rates on England, France, Italy, Germany and other straitened nations are slowly advancing. This, of course, means gradual recovery in finances and industries. Proud Albion is neither quaking nor wavering. Lloyd George announced the other day that England would pay all her debts in full. The British share of the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French debt will be redeemed with the promptitude characteristic of British financial policy. The pound sterling was down to \$3.18 last January. It is close to \$4 at this moment. It is safe to bet that the quotation will be around \$4.50 in the autumn. Pre-war parity was \$4.8665. Similar hopeful reasoning is applicable to France, a nation which has always distinguished herself by quick recuperation from the dire consequences of wars.

As concerns Germany, it only needs pointing out that millions of dollars of American, British and Dutch capital are being invested in Teutonic enterprises. Americans are buying up valuable manufacturing plants, according to recent dispatches. England and France are busy absorbing great industrial, municipal, railroad and water-power properties in Austria and Hungary. Practically all Danube shipping companies have been taken over by British capitalists.

Reading news like this, one finds it difficult to be patient with all the prophecies of woe and disaster that some prominent American editors and financiers continue reeling off every other day. The world is headed for better times again. That much should be clear to every sane, trained student of things. Pessimism is utterly out of place in the United States. We are greater and richer than we ever were since the foundation of our Government. The owners of good securities should not allow themselves to be deluded by the vagaries and vaporings of Wall Street, which controls the finest railroad, industrial, and mining properties in the world. One of the captains of Wall Street, of former years, once curtly advised a young skeptical friend of his to have implicit faith in the future of our country. "Don't be a bear on the United States" he said. People conversant with the history of the nation and the ups and downs of Wall Street will quickly see the truth of the financier's opinion.

Finance in St. Louis.

There's not much doing these days in the Fourth Street market. It's a narrow, featureless affair. The daily sessions are largely of a conversational character, brokers sitting around discussing temperatures and politics. Quite a number of bid and asked quotations are merely nominal. Leading quotations are about the same as they were a week ago. One of the exceptions is National Candy common, which is about \$2 higher. A similar gain is denoted by the latest price of Bank of Commerce, now selling at 135 to 136. The local financial institutions quote time loans at 7 to 8 per cent, and commercial loans at 8 per cent.

In financial circles sentiment is quietly cheerful as to tendencies in the nation's economic life. There's less uneasiness concerning credit and further deflation in prices of commodities.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Jefferson Bank	118	
Liberty Bank	200	
Natl. Bank of Commerce	135½	
State National Bank		170
United States Bank	183	
Mississippi Valley Trust	280	
Title Guaranty Trust		65
American Bakery pfd.	75	88
Brown Shoe pfd.	94½	97
do com.	99	105
Carleton Dry Goods pfd.		99
Certain-tyed Prod, 1st pfd.	83	85
do com.		50
Consolidated coal	68½	70
Ely & Walker D. G. com.	185	
Fulton Iron Works com.		70
Hamilton-Brown Shoe	156	
Hyd. Press Brick pfd.	43	45
do com.	6½	6¾
Indiana Refg. co.	7¾	7½
International Shoe com.		140
Laclede Steel Co.	119	124½
Mo. Portland Cement	76	80
Nat. Candy com.	133½	
St. Louis Cotton Compress	29	
Temtor "A"	41½	41¾
United Railways pfd.	1¾	1½

Answers to Inquiries.

SUBSCRIBER, Springfield, Ill.—Don't be guilty of precipitate action with regard to your Inspiration Copper. While the price is down to 47¾, the statistical metal position is unaltered. Copper is still selling at 19 cents a pound. The low mark in the spring of 1919 was 42½. The dividend then was \$6 a year. If you can afford it, buy another certificate on the present decline.

STENOGRAPHER, St. Louis.—(1) The 7 per cent gold notes you refer to are not a high-grade investment. They are a tempting purchase, though, in view of the substantial return on the investment. (2) There's no Western Union preferred stock. The local stock outstanding amounts to \$99,786,727; authorized, \$100,000,000. The dividend rate is 7 per cent per annum, payable quarterly. Company in sound financial condition.

INQUIRER, Philadelphia, Pa.—U. S. Food Products, quoted at 66½, is not a safe investment, but a very promising purchase for a long pull. Prospects favor a material rise a few months hence. Company pays \$2 quarterly, and profits are increasing rapidly. Eventually, say two or three years from now, the stock may be among the best investments of its class in Wall Street.

H. B., Lockport, N. Y.—The Rock Island, Ark. & Louisiana 4½ per cents are a good investment. The present price of 62 implies an unusually good return, about 7¼ per cent. If held till maturity (1934), the yield will be approximately 9¼ per cent. The bonds were up to 72 in 1919. All the stock of the R. I., A. & L. is owned by the Chicago, R. I. & P., which is in good condition, both financially and physically.

O. G. Y., St. Charles, Mo.—Better retain your Chicago, M. & St. Paul preferred, prospects of prolongation of dividend suspension notwithstanding. The stock is selling at 48, or only a fraction above the lowest on record. It was up to 61½ less than three months ago and as high as 76 last year. Except for the unrest among railway labor, the stock would be at least ten points higher than it is at present. Earnings are improving, and crops are good in the company's territory.

Current Attractions

For the fourth week the Municipal Opera Company will present "The Mascot," a composition not so well known as "The Mikado" but having equally catchy music and bright lines. Charles Sinclair, stage manager, takes particular pride in the setting given this production. The company has been rehearsing and singing together for six weeks and the result is a finished organization. "The Mascot" scene is laid in Italy of the fifteenth century, with its usual accompaniment of dashing princes, beautiful princesses, royal dukes and the lovely mascot Bettina, the peasant maid created princess.

The headline attraction on the current bill at the Grand Opera House, "The Fashion Plate Minstrels," are delighting large audiences at the popular Market street theatre. Josie Flynn, famous feminine minstrel, has gathered together a company of excellent entertainers, and the production is about the best of her many successes. Other favorites on the program are Renard and Jordan, in a bright skit "The New Hotel Clerk;" La France Brothers presenting their "Garden of Equilibristic Novelities;" Embs and Alton, "Elite Entertainers;" Johnny Keane, "The Boy from Ireland;" Sigsbee's Acrobatic Dogs; Edwards and Fletcher, "The Squirrel Dodgers;" Illa Grannon, vocalist, and Violet and Charles, acrobatic entertainers.

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Jaccard's Department of Optometry, in charge of the best eye experts in the country, is fully equipped to offer you the most efficient and thoroughly reliable service.

Every pair of glasses purchased here is registered. In event of breakage or loss, they may be easily duplicated at your request.

Take an extra pair of glasses with you on your summer travels; thereby avoiding any chance of inconvenience by the loss or breakage of one pair.

Protect your eyes from glare of sun, dust or wind with dark glasses or goggles.

Store open all day Saturday, July 3rd, closed all day Monday, July 5th.

New Summer Store Hours: effective Tuesday, July 6th, until September 1st—8:30 A. M. to 5:00 P. M., except Friday, when the closing time will be 5:30.

Beginning Saturday, July 10th, store will remain closed each Saturday till September 1st.

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This story of the thrilling and sublime career of Eugene V. Debs is simply told, yet supremely effective. Beginning with his birth and boyhood, the book gives you a gradually widening picture of Debs as he grows into manhood, enters the ranks of toil, becomes a labor organizer, a national strike leader, and later a Socialist orator and presidential candidate. Why Debs went to prison and why he is kept there, are also told in this book, which is written by Louis Kopelin.

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